# "TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT."

Murphy's Farewell to the Seventh Street Church.

MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

The Cause of Total Abstinence Advocated in the Pulpit

At the afternoon meeting, which was Mr. Murphy's farewell to the Seventh Street Methodist Church, at least for the present, the edifice was crammed from the altar to the doors. The temperance reformer's appearance was the signal for great applause, and as he walked up the aisle he shook hands right and left, as is his custom, and on reaching the tables where the reporters sit he warmly "You have a touch of the brogue, I see," said the reporter; "I'm Irish myself." "Arrah, now you're apakin' me boy!" he laughingly replied, and immediately ascended the pulpit. The Wilsons sang "Are your windows open toward Jerusalem?" after which Mr. Murphy invoked God's spirit and read the Sermon on the Mount, commenting on it as he went Come right up in front, Captain." "Ah, Boquet Johnny's on hand." "Rev. Mr. Acres, I would be glad to see you at this end of the house, if you

After singing by the choir the Rev. Mr. Gilder, pastor of the church, announced that the church ould be closed in the evening, when, he hoped, all of the congregation would attend the meeting at the would be continued during the coming week. He also stated that twenty-six men who had signed the pledge came forward last. Sunday and twenty-eight yesterday desiring to become connected with the Church. Mr. Murphy was rejoiced and said that if reports could be had from other churches throughout the city some idea of the magnitude of the work would be obtained. Chauncey Shaffer then came forward and said he had a statement to make. These meetings had been carried on in the church for three weeks, and they had depended entirely on the public for pecuniary support. There had been no subscriptions. He kept the immense congregation in roars of laughter with his subsequent remarks:—'I never got very happy on figures. Arithmetic isn't equal to Wesley or Watts. I nover wanted to speak so much in my life. This has been a great missionary week for me. Twelve foreign missionaries have gone abroad, not sent exactly by me, but strom the wharf after visiting my house. The foreign missions are doing a great work; but there's a great work to be done here in New York, and if it wasn't for the great regard I have for the leathen up in Thirty-fourth street I wouldn't let Brother Murphy go away from Seventh street.' Mr. Shaffer then read a statement, showing that the total receipts during the three weeks had been \$412 SO, and that they were our just \$54.

EXEMNG A COLLECTION.

It was proposed that an appeal be made to the would be continued during the coming week. He

receipts during the three weeks had been \$412 80, and that they were out just \$54.

TAKING A COLLECTION.

It was proposed that an appeal be made to the congregation, and ushers be appointed to go through the aisless and receive donations, the mover of the proposition saying "I'm a poor man and will give \$2 to start it with." Mr. Shaffer said he would give \$2 more, and on some one saying, loud enough to be heard, "Only \$2 from Chauncoy Shaffer," he cried out, "There's no limit to this thing; there's no one can stop me from giving more if I want to, except my wife—and she won't." Then subscriptions of every conceivable amount less than \$10 were announced. "Five cents is rained down from the gallery." "Bouquet Johnny gives \$1. That all he's allowed to give to-day. If we'd lot him, he'd give away all he has." "A lady gives \$10," and so on till no more were forthroming. When it was stated that Brother Murphy did not come to New York to put money in his purse the charten fairly tang with applause, and again when Mr. Shaffer, on behalf of the trustees of the Seventh Street Misthodist Church, presented Mr. Murphy with a receipt in full for the rent of the Cooper Union Hall.

DEERS MUST BE \$ALD.

Mr. Murphy neeponded in modest terms. He said

Are except in full for the rent of the Cooper Union Hall.

DEER'S MUST BE PAID.

Mr. Murphy responded in modest terms. He said
he did not want to talk about money, but every man
who wants to be respectable must pay his debts, and
he cannot pay his debts in prayers or cheap words.

"All I want is subsistance. I subsist largely on what
I cat, and pay my dector's bills to the butcher. Every
man who works should have tood and clothes." He
speke of the great interest in New York in the cause of
temperance, and as he wished every man Godspeed
he could not see why others could not do the same by
him. Quite a dramatic scene was enacted when Mr.
Murpey turned to Mr. Shaffer and said, "in the new
field of my labors, brother, I want to see you," and
they locked arms and embraced. "And I want to see
that sainted wife of yours." "That's where you're
right; I don't blame you a bit," replied Chauny,
amid roars of laughter. The meeting closed with a
humber of five-minute speeches.

The meeting held last night in the large hall of the Cooper Institute for the benefit of Mr. Murphy and those who compose his party was in every respect In silk and satin found themselves beside recently reformed drunkards, bearing the marks of long and fleep dissipation; and the "gentleman of the cloth" was crowded by one who, by his own confession, had graduated through every phase and degree of crime. "Boquet" Johnny was resplendent in a new suit of clother, and from a seat on the edge of the platform dispensed "buttonholes" to the members of the press with great unction. Mr. Thurbers of the press with great unction. Mr. Thurlow Weed and his sister occupied a prominent
place on the platform, and were loudly applianded
when they entered. Mr. Chauncey Shaffer opened
the meeting in a few remarks, and was followed by
the Rev. Mr. Gilder in the reading of a chapter of
Scripture and prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson sang
He Will Hide Me' with fine effect, and were encored.
Mr. Murphy then took formal charge of the meeting. He spoke very briefly but with great effect and
was greeted with tremendous applause. He then introduced Colonei Colwell, the former proprietor
of the Rainbun Hotel, in Eimira. The latter was very
faceticus in his remarks, and commenced by say-

was greeted with fremendous applause. He then introduced Colonei Colwell, the former proprietor of the Rathbun Hotel, in Elimira. The latter was very facetious in his remarks, and commenced by saving that if a man knew how to keep a hotel he supposed in these days of oratory he ought to be able to make a fage minutes' speech, which was all the time Brother Murphy had allowed him. He then told how under the influence of Mr. Murphy, he was constrained to give up the sale of liquor in his hotel, and made an earnest appeal to the people be support the reformer in his work in New York. Mr. Thomas Pittman was introflued as "Judge Pittman, the golden mouthed." He unde an excellent speech, picturing the vene in a court when the wretched and the ragged are brought to the bar, charged with drunkenness. "But," he said, "there is no man so low, no man so degraded, but he has an angel within him, and that angel can be saved." Professor Evans, of Pittsburg, both how two years ago he was persuaded by Mr. Murphy to sign the pledge, simply because he preached the doctrine of love. He was a living examplar of the surj-igation of an immoral will.

When Mr. Murphy came forward for the second time to make an address he did not seem himself at all, it was evident that he was either tired out or indisposed, and his voice was not in good condition. He repeated the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthiaus on charity, and said that the whole themo of his life was mercy, because he had received mercy. In homely terms he told the story of the good samaritan, and said there were "too many people like the two follows who crossed over and passed by and left the poor man sick by the roadside. When you see a man rulinad don't put your foot on him, get him to come back. Bemember he has paid a terrible penalty for his folly and sin already. Nothing will do that but love. Christ is our pattern, and we should follow the series and throw any the dischous mile he was in durance. He concluded with a stirring appeal to come forward, and those in charge

MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

Under the auspices of the National Temperance Institute a meeting of temperance people was held in the atternoon in the Cooper Instijute main hall, J. B. Gibbs presiding. The titendance was large. The platform was mostly scupled by ladies. A few hymns having been sung to the accompaniment of a harmonium and led by Mr. John A. Mitthauer with his silver cornet, a psalm was read and a prayer offered by the Rev. William B. Affleck. The president made some introductory re-marks on the success of the Francis Murphy meetings, for all of which, he said, every temperance man ought to feel grateful and proud. There should be no quarret among the workers in the temperance cause. The newspapers of that day announced the fail of one of the mighty in the work, and every rum-seller and every toppler was rejoicing, but the greater

was the need for harmony among workers that the attacks of the enemy might prove of no avail. The first address was made by the Rev. William B. Affleck,

after which dies Craig sang "scattering Seeds of Kindness," which was encored. Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl gave a recitation.

Eev. Dr. G. W. Samson spoke next and referred to an idea of Gustave Doré, in which the artist represented a number of cupids as having become intoxicated from the fumes of wine, and then fell to be the associates of reptiles. This idea was found in Homer, again in Virgil, later in Shakespeare, and at times broke out in Byron's verses. In the eighth or ninth century the Arabs found out that there was poison in wine. They called it "alcohol," which means autimony, the most subtle of poisons. The artists of to-day are ahead of Christians and the physicians in unveiling the effect of this peison. Michael Angelo and Raphael understood it, and Crulkshank developed it with his peneil, and in his life showed how deeply he appreciated the danger of the wine cup. Solomon tells us not to look at the wine in the wine cup, for, sparkle as it may, it will bite in the end like a viper. The president announced that be request the "Sweet Ey and By" would be sung and the entire audience joined heartily in the song. Miss Bertha Reynolds, of Syracuse, N. Y., next gave a recitation descriptive of the wrecks that the potent demon can make, and being recalled gave Longfellow's "Legend of the Angel of Prayer.

The meeting of the american Temperance Union at Charendon Hall, Fast Thirteenth atreet, yesterday larger than on previous Sundays, possibly owing to the publication of the hostile meeting between the President, Mr. William H. Mundy, and his brother lawyer, Mr. William Mullin, an account of which was published in yesterday's Herald. After the meeting was opened by the president Dr. Richards read a passage from the Scriptures, and when he had concluded Mrs. Van Cott arose and offered a fervent prayer, in which she alluded to the report of the encounter between Brother Mundy and Mr. Mullin, and prayed that God might sustain the former in his conflict with those whose deeds were of darkness. It was clear, she said, that the enemies of the temperance cause were the avowed enemies of Mr. Mundy, and Lawyer Mullin was the agent in a legal capacity of the liquor dealers. The enemy had become desperate, and it behooved every triend of the temperance cause to arm and do battle with those who are laboring day and night for the destruction of our people.

Mr. D. I. K. Ryan, of Canada, then gave an account of the progress of the temperance cause in that coun-

with those who are laboring day and night for the destruction of our people.

Mr. D. I. K. Ryan, of Canada, then gave an account of the progress of the temperance cause in that country, where, he said, great reformation had been achieved. He awekened much humor by his definition of a "bummer," who, he said, was a most valuable adjunct to the ginmill. He is worth a great deal to the rumseller. He "doubles up the drinks, and has never been known to refuse, no matter who may come along. He is to all intents and purposes part and parcel or the establishment, and, after long sequired habit, it becomes his home." The speaker then pointed the moral by saying that if such a human being could be of so much value in the cause of evil how much more valuable would he be as an agent of righteousness? To this latter end, he contended, all zealous workers in the cause of temperance should devote themselves.

Professor Bentley sang "Where Is My Boy Tonight?" and Mrs. Van Cott then took her place at the deck and gave a long account of her labors in the revival at the Ludiow Street Church. She mentioned the case of William Wirt, once Attorney General of the United States, and afterward candidate for President, who became a confirmed set, she said, because the hady he loved rejected his suit. But seeing him once, greatly intoxicated, and remembering some of his finer traits, she had her handkarchief passed to him. He paused, and as soon as his eyes caught the name on the handkerchief he was so moved that, drunk as he was, he became from that day a convert to temperance. Mrs. Van Cott hoped all the good workers in the cause of temperance would meet beyond the river, and to that end she asked her daughter to sing, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" The lady compiled, and sang very sweetly.

Rev. Dr. Remington, who has done some excellent missionary work along the docks in this city for twenty-fried events past, then related his experience among longshoremen, sailors, coalhavers and others of that class. Mrs. Dr. Somerby spoke on the

Rev. Dr. Harcourt, in the Trinity Methodist Epis copal Church, York street, Jersey City, last evening, proached a Gospel temperance sermon, tending to show the dark side of city life. The church was crowded. The preacher announced his text from Luke i., 79:— To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." He said that cities are to the nation what the heart and lungs are to the body. They are generally the strong citadels of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, had been preaching for some time on the dark side of New York life; but he thought from his sermons that Mr. Talmage had not seen the dark side—he had only seen the tinselled, gilded and fancy side. By some it is called the joyous side. Accompanied by a friend, said Mr. Harcourt, a few days ago I visited a New York hospital and was made acquainted with Dr. Hemingway, the medical examiner in charge. Dr. Talmage should have been led to that side of New York life. I sat in the hospital for two hours and I saw some of the poor humanity. examiner in charge. Br. Talmage should have been led to that side of New York life. I sat in the hospital for two hours and I saw some of the poor humanity, the seum of the city, as they were brought in. I said to myself, "This is the only place where a view of life's dark side can be had." From that office we went to the deadhouse and there gazed upon the forms of nearly twenty failen creatures, cold in death. Bloated faces and worn, emeciated frames, told the story of the terrible lives of which that scene was the end. The doctor informed me that fully seventy-five per cent of the cases brought under his notice in the hospitals were the result of intemperance. In view of this terrible statement is it to be wondered at that I am waging war against rum. For every church fighting against rum there are twenty-eight rum palaces in favor of it. They are at work seven days in the week, while we work against them only one. This should be changed. The work should be kept up continually. When the church ceases the world is lost. The rumsellors make their places attractive and they reduce their prices to induce men to visit them. Signs are found outside their doors representing a glass overflowing with lagor, with the worls, 'A schooner for five cents.' They are called schooners because a man after drinking one rolls like a schooner on the water. In New York I saw a sign. "A schooner for three cents." The cheaper the stuff the more poisonous it is and the more work devolves upon us to banish it from our midst. Let us pray Jesus to give us strength to succeed.

### THE TWO M'S.

LAWYER MUNDY'S SUNDAY REPLY TO LAWYER MULLIN-HE SAYS MULLIN TELLS A "VILLA-NOUS LIE," AND MAKES A FEW REMARKS ABOUT HIM GENERALLY.

Mr. William H. Mundy, the temperance apostle who was sought for in vain on Saturday evening by a HERALD reporter, who was anxious to get his views of the scrimmage that took place between himself and Lawyer Mullin, on Friday, rose bright and early yesterday morning, refreshed himself with a glass of cold water and called for the HERALD. The religious page, as usual, had an ineffable charm for him, and its soothing influence prepared him to bear with Christian equanimity the perusal of Mr. Mullin's story of the way he "thumped" the anti-liquor advo-cate. After reading it Mr. Mundy called for pen and paper and wrote a letter to the Henald. After de-nouncing Mr. Mullin's version of the little unpleasantness as a "villanous lie," he tells his side of the

case as follows in the letter:—
MUNDT'S VERSION OF THE ROW.

The facts are these:—John P. Victory appeared for one Walker in a suit under the Civil Damage Act some eighteen months ago in Richmond county. I appeared for the plaintiff, Caroline Peterson, a poor woman, who said Walker had wronged her by selling her husband liquor when he (Waller) knew she was woman, who said Walker had wronged her by seiling her husband liquor when he (Walker) knew she was suffering on account of her husband's habit of drinking. I appeared without any fee, because of the woman's appeal to help her. I got a verdict of 5400 against Walker. He appealed. Then Mr. Victory appeared for Walker on the appeal. Pending the appeal Mr. Victory left for parts muknown ist least so I am informed). One William Mullin, whom I had never seen or heard of, a Staten Island havyer, served a notice of appearance in this soit, without any warrant of law. In the meantime Walker went before one Tom Garrett, a police justice of hielmond county, and he, as he said afterward, "to please the liquor dealers," issued a warrant for the arrest of the Rev. Hiram D. Opdyke and myself for "conspiracy" in bringing this civil damage saif. He said he "didn't care a damn what the evidence was," and held us to bail in \$1,000. Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, rendered his decision and pronounced the arrest "a great outrage." Mullin took judgment against Mrs. Peterson by default, and the local papers had the news sent to them at once, and blazed the "victory of Counsellor abullin." I moved to vacate the judgment and succeeded. That's the way he "won" the suit, He subsequently appeared in another suit, Judge Fratt dismissed the complaint on a point he resized himself. Mullin tucked into his bill of coxta some \$40 that he was not entitled to. He drew indings of fact and conclusions of law to sait himself. Judge Fratt told Mullin, as I am informed, that he had no conditione in them, but if I did not object he would sign them. I did object and the Judge was to resettle town on Saturday last. He told me to have Mr. Mullin come over with me. I

The time to serve a notice of resettlement for Saturday had expired. Mullin knew it. Deceived and builted by his conduct, I said coelly, "Well, sir, I consider it a piece of sharp practice and shystering," With a heerible oath and a grossly vulgar expression, he sprang at me when my back was turned and struck me in the back of the head. Then he threw his arms around my body and pushed me, striking two or three times. Some one seized him and told him to stop and I walked out of the office. He had repeatedly resorted to sharp practice before and I was provoked at him. As to the balance of his story, it is utterly and absolutely false in every particular. I don't know Mr. Finndinch. I never saw him to my knowledge. It is a lie out of whole cloth. One Judge of the Supreme Court accused Mullin of I ying, and another said certain of his acts were 'mean.' This story caps the climax."

Mr. Mundy was met last evening by a Herald reporter, who was somewhat astonished to see him looking so well. His eyes had a clear temperance starkle about them that seemed to give the lie direct to the lager beer man's story that the spostle takes "six or seven drinks a day." There was no suspicious swelling about the lett optic which Mr. Mullin delared he had reached for successfully on Friday, and no evidence whatever that he had stopped over night in a hospital.

"You don't look as if you had been 'thumped,' "remarked the reporter.

"No, I do not,' replied the apostle: "Mullin's version of the difficulty is an infamous lie," and laughing pleasantly he added:—"But the chair is not to end just yet."

"Pistols and coffee for two?" queried the reporter.

"Oh no: nothing of that kind," was the answer.

ing pleasantly he added:—"But the affair is not to end just yet."

"Pistols and coffee for two?" queried the reporter.

"Oh no; nothing of that kind," was the answer.

"That is not the way I do business. I am a nan of peace, and Mullin's conduct toward me was simply infamous. As to that six or seven drink business I don't think anybody who knows me will believe a word of it."

"But the liquor man says he knows you well."

"The fact of his saying that I drank at his place shows that he does not. I don't know the fellow from a side of sole leather. I have a brother who occasionally goes into his place, and that's the way the mistake has occurred."

Judging from Mr. Mundy's manner while speaking of Mullin and his "findings of bail," the liquor dealers of Staten Island will have a hard read to travel if they expect to defeat the temperance apostle by bluff and derision. He apparently means business, and somebody will get hurt before the cold weather sets in.

#### AMONG THE CODFISH.

VETERANS OF THE BOOK AND LINE OUT FOR A DAY'S WORK ON THE CHOLERA BANKS-THE

FUN THEY HAD AND THE FISH THEY CAUGHT. A codfishing party, over eighty in number, started off in the Seth Low yesterday morning early to try their luck in the blue waters covering the Cholers Banks. Most of them were veterans and enthusiasts, who would rather land a twenty pound cod than discover a continent. They were satisfactorily fixed in the matter of overcoats, fishing tackle, ham sand wiches and flasks of spiritual comfort. They cared little about the cold and when Captain Foster apolo gized for not having provided steam heaters in the saloon to keep their feet warm they laughed in scorn. For really enjoyable coddshing they prefer midwinter, when the rigging of the steamboat is covered half an inch thick with frost. Among the veterans were Joe Morgan and his mother -whose enthusiasm for codfishing is something remarkable in an old lady. She is a deft hand at land ing a cod, and lays away over her son Joe in that respect; but he is equal to her in skill when extracting a guff from the jaws of a conger eel, and he can

respect; but he is equal to her in skill when extracting a gaff from the jaws of a conger cel, and he can do the job without swearing (and so can his mother), a thing which few of these salt sea anglers can boast. There were, besides, Roger Lottus, "Dick" Volctmann and his brother Peter, Fred. Foster, George Pelton, John Johnston. Fred. Schaumberger, J. Tucker, George Zaun, Maurice Harrigan and Captain Sam Morrell-all experts in hooking and handling the lively cod. The party spent no time on the trip down in asthetic reflections on the beauty of the bay, the picturesque effect of the glittering white salls in the distance, backed against the dark brown shore, or the dancing deep blue waters; but set to work doming their denim overalls and preparing their skimmer clam bait for the work before them. A flock of sea guils followed in the wake of the steamboat, and the captain's buffalo gun was brought to bear upon them and fired with stunning noise, at which the sea guils laughed and sailed away unharmed. Out on the broad ocean the swell was hardly felt and nobody even thought of sea sickness.

ON THE BANKS,

When the Soth Low cast anchor she was about forty-five miles from New York, with the light gray horizon to the south and the low, dim outline of Fire Island to the north. At anchor all sround were tidy islning smacks to the number of sixty or seventy, and as many light rowboats, all biasy fishing for the coveted cod. The boys on the Seth Low were early to work, batting their sinkers out to sea. Maurice Harrigan hauled in the first cod, amid a shout of applause; but his lines fell in unproductive places for some time afterward, and the detexted congre eel became bis portion. George Zann fished for an hour and struck nothing but conger cels, whereupon he got disgusted and exclaimed, "I makes no tru any more mit dese tam Congress cels." Maurice Harrigan's cod weighed eight pounds and he was very proud of his capture, till "Ole Dan" Tucker scooped in one that turned the balisne et twenty-two pounds. "I'll bet the

by the owner of the last hook and bait on the opposite side of the boat from where Ritter was standing, much to the latter's mortification.

"By shimminy, dhas ish my cod," cried he, jumping from one side of the boat to the other. "Der's mem hook and der's mein line and bait."

"Old on, my 'earty," replied Loftus, "my 'ook and line are there, too; that cod belongs to both of us and we'll toss up to see who'll 'ave 'im."

"Veil, let him pe so," said Ritter, good naturedly; "der's do use lightin' ofer a codfish," and the dispute was amicably settled, Ritter winning the toss.

PRIVATE ENTERPIESE.

Captain Sam Morrell and Fred Foster went off Captain Sam Morrell and Fred Foster went off a rowboat to fish on their own account, and in two hours brought back forty-five codins, weighing in all over 300 pounds and filling two barrels. The conger cells caused a great deal of profanity in the first stages of the day's fishing, and this culminated in a perfect torrent of anathemas, when Fred Schaumberg, weighing 250 pounds, lost his perpendicular in trying to keep one under his heels while extracting a hook from its jaws. Fred said-denly sat down on the gory deck, with his legs pointing to the horizon and his eccentric hook inserted in the widest part of his pantaloons was a sight for feeling eyes.

the widest part of his pantaloons was a sight for feeling eyes.

"Mean Gott!" he roared with his returning breath, "dese congave eels iss de very tam tyvit himself, don you know."

About the same time a nervous countryman of Fred's hauled in a lobster that nade his fingers shake, and in trying to unhitch his hook the lobster's pair of seissors closed on his thumb and made him dance the can-can.

"He's got'em bad." was all the sympathy he received from those around him, and when he rid himself of the lobster they gathered about and looked curiously at the hooks he used.

"Why," said one of the fishermen, "those hooks are too weak for codfish."

"Vell don't you ne'er mind dot," he replied, rather angrity, "dey is alrong enough for veakash."

"O! we see," retorted the other; "it's weakfish you're looking for, not cedish.?"

"Shust so, mistare smart mans, shust so," and he

angrily; "dey is strong enough for veakush."

"O! we see," retorted the other; "it's weakfish you're looking for, not cedish.b."

"Shust so, mistare smart mans, shust so," and he walked off with an air of victory.

STARBOARD AND FORT.

For an hour or so the anglers on the starboard side of the boat had a corner in codish, while those on the other had to put up with an uninterrupted run of cels, some skales, sea robbins and one or two blackfish. Conger cels strewed the deek, which was stipperly with their blood, and as they died hard and wriggled long walking about was perilaus. One fisherman caught two congers on a single hook and these were dubbed "the two orphans." A skate, with a face like a young pig's, was captured by another and put away as a rare curtosity. The number of large codisis caught was quite unusual and the total number in haife over the gunwale, exclusive of what were taken in the smail boat, was 145, of which the largest eatch by one man was nine, the next five, and the next four. Joe Morgan was not as successful as usual, but this mother, who looks as young as himself, saved the family's professional reputation by landing a bonneer, weighing twelve pounds. Less than half-a-dozen of the party met with ill luck, and if they were unfortunate in not being patronized by the codish they had abundance of game to show in the matter of conger cels. But these were the abhorrence of the veteruns, and no haan could aspire to rank high as a fisherman among them whose only trophy was a string of such reptiles.

Coming home the company was in the best of

reptiles. Coming home the company was in the best of humor with the day's sport, the weather having proved absointely delightful and the sport far above the average.

### HIS BEST FRIEND.

"Pat Casey, abusive, drunk and disorderly, ten days," said the Fifty-seventh Street Court Judge yes-

terday. "I've a mother." "Well Y"

"Well ?"
"And a father."
"Yes."
"And a sister."
"Well, what of that?"
"And a brother."
"Anything more?"
"And a wrie and a family and friends."
"Are you through?"
"And a position and a home."
"What then?"

tability, and a ---"

"Mighty strong liking for whiskey. Since your tongue is fred I'll finish your history, and of all your triends the last is your best. Ten days," concluded

#### FINE ARTS.

THIRTY-SEVENTH SEMI-ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION-THE DIS-PLAY OF PICTURES WHICH WILL BE SEEN AT THE OPENING RECEPTION THIS EVENING.

The thirty-seventh reception and opening of the nineteenth fall exhibition of the Brooklyn Art As-sociation will take place this evening at the Art Wednesday morning, to-morrow being "Members' and Artists' Day," the exhibition will be opened to the public, admission free, as usual, and will remain open for two week. The present display is composed of a larger number have been refused. There are few new pictures of any importance in the collection, last academy. The amount of poor work which should able and a good deal of it is on the line. The principal room is the gallery of the Art Association and in the assembly room of the academy the water colors, black and whites, a few etchings, some of the ons and a creditable collection of studies, in black been hung.

usual, to the left, and find on the second line one of the best pictures in the exhibition, a little landscape by H. Bolton Jones. It is full of air, strikingly real, well drawn and true if somewhat hard in color. Near it is noted a little child and duck story by J. C. Thom, pleasing in sentiment and color but lacking in careful study or evidence other than hasty work. If Mr. Thom were to turn out fewer pictures with more serious work in them he would sell better and have a higher reputation. On the line is a little head by Miss Jacobs, and above a large marine by John A. Parker. with a fair sky, the rest being weak and wishywashy. A little E. L. Durand—"A Sketch on Staten Island"— attracts attention from its light and air and pleasing see Henry A. Loop's lifelike portrait of a lady, with good color, much expression and a well treated costume. On the north wall we first notice a little mud-V. Stiepevich, which displays consideragood, as is the modelling of the up-per part of the body. The jewelry is in taste and gives a cheap look to the picture By this are some flowers vigorously touched in by able little "Sunset View on Lake George," by John Pope. We next notice two pictures from the last Academy, Edway Gay's "East Chester, N. Y.," and Wordsworth Thompson's "Army of the Republic, 1777." "The First Smoke" is a good little story by William Hahn, in which one of the figures, that of the boy, is well posed and solidly painted. We are glad to note another little Bolton Jones. J. H. Delph, in his "In the Wrong Shop," has an excellent story, and a picture in good tone. The horse is noticeably well painted, much better than the two figures. 'Near this is a little M. F. H. de Haas, with good light on the surf dashing in between two lines of cliff.

noticeably well painted, much better than the two figures. 'Near this is a little M. F. H. de Haas, with good light on the surf dashing in between two lines of cliff.

Gilbert Gaul has in his picture "The Fall" an admirable and poetic idea. The treatment, however, is not so refined as the subject demands. The face of the mother, which is well rendered, is that of a young girl and not of a young woman; the pose is good, the costume well treated, the handling broad and the general effect strong. Above this is Frank Waller's last Academy picture, "Citadel of Cairo, From the Desert." Near it on the line are Kruseman van Eiten's "Summer Day on the Wynockie," and F. Hovenden's masterly "Pride of the Old Folks," both of which appeared at that exhibition. J. C. Beckwith sends a figure of a Roman girl arranging her hair as she stands by a well. The face is treated with much refinement, but the figure and costume are lacking in strength, chiefly of effect. The last picture which we come to on this wall is a figure piece by Cephas G. Thompson. How the committees can have the moral courage to accept and hang such a picture is hard to understand. But then the painter is an academician! "A Christmas Visit," by John G. Wiggins, shows a creditable advance.

On the cast wall, in the centre of which is hung Lesra's large picture, "The Card Players," we first notice a lake scene by Casilear, and some finely painted peaches by Wilmarth. M. F. H. de Haas' "Squall on the New England Coast' is a magnificent work, with a picturesque motive and full of dash and spirit in the treatment of the sene. A notable piece of good work is the fishing boat, which has barely escaped being driven on the rock. The sky is the weakest part of the picture, the cloud forms being somewhat crude. In James M. Hart's pleasing "Cattle in the Autumn Woods' there is good drawing in the trees and excellent atmosphere and perspective. As a piece of extremely good work note the old wall in the left foreground, with the pigeon flying down from it. Near this is the

wall Kruseman van Eiten has a really charming scene on a New Jersey river. The water lacks surface, but the landscape is admirable. A stage coach rumbling along a country road, by J. H. Coess, is promising, and scems suggested by a late picture by Bridgeman. Turning to the south wall we find a good little marine by Arthur Quartley, with a broadly treated sky and noticeable rock work. By L. C. Tiffany's "Buy Apples?" The face and pose of the boy are deserving of much praise, but we should like to see in the hands a certain amount of the finish observable in the face. A. F. Bunner's "Hayboats Waiting for the Breeze" is a striking picture. A large A. T. Bricher we do not care much for, as it is inharmonious and scattered in effect and obtrusive in color. Mr. Bristol's "Anthony's Nose, Lake George," has good atmosphere and distance, but would have been better with more strength in the foreground. Near this is another of Mr. Infany's Academy pictures, and a very creditable work, "Washington's First Mission." by Alonzo Chappel. The coloring is weak, though pleasing. Again we see an Academy picture, this time R. W. Hubbard's.

A cattle piece, by Ogden Wood, hung on the second linef deserves much attention for its many excellent qualities. The foreground cow is a piece of careful drawing and good painting. The white cow behind lacks form texture; the herbage of the foreground is finely painted, and the effect of light in the distance a strong point. "A Priest Leaving the Temple," by F. A. Bridgeman, has a pair of striking figures and is a solid little work. The treatment of the drapery leaves something to be desired. Finally, in this room we note a good P. P. Ryder, E. L. Henry's "Departure of the Brighton Coach" and a neat little Champney. In the small west room are, among others, a little Van Elten, Waiter Satteries's "The Captive," S. J. Guy's "The Brock," a good venetian scene by Coleman, a William Hart, David Johnson's sterling little "On the Google, and the electric sour good sheep, by John Thorpe: D. R. Rights,

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

A New Library of Poetry. Edited by William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated with steel portraits, wood engracings by English and American artists, sithouette titles, mana-script foe-similes, &c., &c., 2 vols. Fords, Hovard & Hu-bert, publishers, New York. Genevieve of Brabant. A legend in verse, By Mrs. Charles Willing. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Phila-delphia. Charter Willing J. B. Lippincott & Co., pure delphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co., pure delphia. The romance of an opal ring. By M. B. M. Poland. With numerous flustrations. J. B. Lippincott & Co., pull-with numerous flustrations. J. B. Lippincott & Co., pull-with numerous flustrations. tie. The remained of all opicities. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

True Blue. A story of the great Northwest. By Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell. D. Lethrop & Co., publishers, Boston. Mappy Noods of Happy Children. Uriginal paems by favorite American authors. B. Lethrop & Co., publishers. True Children & Almanne for 1875-32.-63.-62-65. Edited by Ells Farman. D. Lethrop & Co., publishers. Carmon. A Spanish story. Trunslated from the French of Fresper Merinnes of the French Academy. T. B., Peterson & Brothers, publishers. Philadelphia.

Estadottica Comercial de la Republica de Chili Correspondients of Ann. de 1877. From C. R. Flant, Cansul et Chili, New York. New York. M. Engisnal Net Dond, and Tark and Briton. Also containing scenes of Cumberland sketched in that, tone, word and vores. By John M. Dagneil, outher of several spic and other lyteria and harrative poems. London. Published by the author.

York
Leisure Time Studies, Chiefly hielogical, A series of escays and lectures. By Andrew Wilson, Ph. D., F. S. E., Ac., with numerous illustrations. P. Worthington, publisher, New York.
Battles of America by Sea and Land, with Biographics of Naval and Military Commanders. The Great Civil War. Ry John Laird Wilson. Hustrated with numerous steel

engravings. James S. Virtue, publisher, 12 Dey street, New York.

The Rag Falr and Other Reverles. By L. Clarkson, With illustrations by the author. F. W. Robinson & Co., pub-lishers, Philadelphia. From Charles T. Dillingham, New York. ork.
Little Stay at Home and Her Friends. By L. Clarkson.
Mustrated by the author. F. W. Robigson & Ca., pubshers, Philladelphia. From Charles T. Dillingham, New

Franklin Square Library Light and Shade. A novel, By Charlotte T. O'Brien. The Story of the Christians and Moors of Spain. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York.

## TWO NEW VOLUMES OF POEMS.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 30, 1878.

LONGFELLOW'S VERSES IN . "THE CHILDREN'S ALMANAC.

It is not every day that Boston has a new poet, but she is to find one next week, in the person of the "Meg," according to the title page, is a pastoral, and it relates the loves of a rural young person who first estows her affections on a flirting young student, and then gives them to a steady, good young man named John. It must be confessed that this plot is not strikingly original, and the phraseology and imagery of the poem are as well worn as its story. whose memories are so good and whose minds are s. impressible that they can hardly speak without using words which they have heard elsewhere. It often happens that mosaics are beautiful, and "Mog." m spite of a hundred faults of versification and rhym-ing, shows undeniable talent; but the best thing in the book is the poem on "William Cullen Bryant, in which the author is unusually felicitous in her "derangement of epitaphs.". She represents all na-ture as mourning the man who had sung her hymns so nobly. A single passage of a few lines will show both the faults of the author and the skill which she

both the faults of the anthor and the skill which she shows in blending her phrases:—
He sang thy praise, O "June!" and well mayst thou Bring all thy beauty to his coming now;
Let thy soft breathings, blending odors rare,
Tune the green reed harps where his slumbers are!
Cail thy bright butterfiles—in half-embrace
Of shining wings—to veil the sacred place;
Ask of thy lilies, scarlet, purple, white.
Their fairest petals for a drapery bright
Which the deft humming bird and housewife bee
Shall weave with skeins of cobweb skifully;
Sprinkle with incenne thy most fragrant leaves
Distil in dewy morns and droway eves.
It may as well be said that if it can possibly be

It may as well be said that if it can possibly be managed by skilful wire-pulling Boston is to be enraptured with these poems, and to believe that "clover" and "lover" and "true" and "view" rhyme, as Mrs. Gustafson makes them, but even without these efforts the book would probably sell well, for readers of light poetry have not very keen critical

trations by the author. This is a thin quarto volume, published by D. Lathrop & Co., in holiday style, and the poems, although rather too Tenny-sonian in style, are by no means bad. One of them

"The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the ter-restrial is another."—I. Cor., xv., 40.

There is a dying in my days,
As when the moon grows faint at morn,
And stars die when the d y is born;
So wanes the world o'er all my ways. Its hours of brightness are not bright; Its golden lamps, a-bloom with fiame, Its altars to the unknown name, Burn with a false and fitful light,

Though Pleasure sits a syren there, And lifts the voice that lulled me long To airy altitudes of song, It dies upon the heedless air.

Lo—from the heavens, one by one.

The stars are sinking; and my life—
Mute withess of the unequal strife—
Thrills with the promise of the Sun.
The Children's Almanac, edited by Elia Farman and published to-day, contains the poems by Longfellow, Whittier and Aldrich. Longfellow's is

James and I, oldest of potentates!

Forward I look and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates.

The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen fen,
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow.

My fires light up the barths and hearts of men.

Mrs. Whitney's noon on Falses.

Mrs. Whitney's poem on February is the best in the book, all things considered, for it is not only short and adapted to the juvenile mind but it has the epigrammatic turn which all such bits of verse should have, and which only Dr. Holmes, of all American writers, always manages to give. This is what Mrs. Whitney says:--

Will winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?
Ah, lean me your little ear, love,
Hark to a beautiful thing—
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the spring!

Houghton, Osgood & Co. publish the holiday "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to-day in a binding of bevelled English artist, and are strong, but not remarkably good. The bibliography, by George Bullen, and the introduction, containing letters written to and by Mrs. Stowe about the book, are the most valuable things in it. The next book published by this house will be Holmes' "Life of Motley."

### THE CATHEDRAL SWORD.

WHO THE WINNER OF THE CATHEDRAL FAIR CON-TEST IS - HIS PEACEFUL MILITARY RECORD.

So spirited was the competition and so unex-pected the defeat of Major General Newton and other prominent officers of the United States army by General Daniel D. Wylle in the voting contest for the dsome sword at the Cathedral fair many inquiries have been made regarding the winner. "Who is General Wyite?" asked hundreds at the Cathedral after the announcement of the vote, and the same question was frequently repeated in various sections of the city yesterday. In order that this curfosity may be satisfactorily met a sketch of the successful competitor is given herewith. General Wylie was born in New York in 1840 and therefore is in the thirty-eighth year of his sgc. Since 1850 he has been connected with the National Guard of New York, holding a considerable portion of the time important positions. When President Lincoln first cafled out the militia in 1861 General Wylie, them not twenty-one years of age, accompanied the Eighth regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., of which organization he was a member, to Washington, and afterward into Virginia. When the required three months had expired General Wylie returned with his regiment, and apon the second and third demands of President Lincoln upon the militia of the North he went back to the seat of war with the Eighth. The next important step in his military earer was the taking command of the Washington Grays, an independent organization of this city, which position he held for eight yours and until more important duties required his resignation. He was then appointed Riffe Inspector of the Third brigade, and, discharging the duties in a particularly satisfactory manner, was commissioned as inspector of the state of heaving marry expired, the name of haspector Wylie was mentioned, and in due time he was nonmated by Governor Robinson and confirmed by the Senate. He still holds this position, and during the labor riots of hat year was stationed at Hornelleville, on the Eric Railroad, by order of Governor Robinson, where he remained until the trouble was over.

The General regrets that his war record is not more brilliant, but attributes it to his youth and lack of opportunities when the war broke out.

Since the organization of the National Rule Association General Wylie is a member of the firm of Messrs, Amas & Wylie, importers and merchant in this city. He is related by marriage to Police Commissioner Nichols, who is well known as an active member of the Tammany organization. General Wylie hinself has never been an active polician, though always that this curiosity may be satisfactorfly met a sketch of the successful competitor is given herewith. Gen-

### UNTERRIFIED JIMMIE.

It was all agreed between the parents and the Fiftyseventh Street Court Judge yesterday that a very bad urchin named Jimmie Downes should be frightbed urchin named Jimmie Downes should be frightened into goodness. So Jimmie, eight years of age,
chewing the corner of his cap, was confronted with
the magistrate's awful gaze.
"You're a very bad feilow, Jimmie," said the
Court.
"Who's been tellin' you?"
"Your father and mother."
"Them's liars, so they is."
"What? said the Court, in a terrible tene.
"See hors, Jedge," said the lad, to the great astonishment of the magistrate, "I sees the old man
and the old woman comin' if over you, but don't go
to come it over me. I m not scared a bit."
So Jimmie was taken to the prison and locked up.
He was unterrified at last accounts.

THE NEW IRISH DEPARTURE

A VOICE FROM TRELAND.

DULLIN, Nov. 20, 1878,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:-Here in Ireland we have of late heard by telegram somewhat of a new Irish departure brewing on your side of the Atlantic. Your issue, just to hand, of October 27, brings particulars thereof. Your reports has interviewed Mr. Luby, Mr. Breslin, Mr. Bourke Mr. Rossa, Mr. Condon and other prominent Irisl nationalists not named; and, while they differ some what in their views, your conclusion is that "Fenian ism seems really to be about to take a new departure

The reporter was assured that lively times are ahead in both England and Ireland. A belief in mere isolated insurrectionary movements seems to have died out and to be replaced by a determination to obtain such a public standing in Ireland as will attract the attention of the world and secure alliances with England's  $(\ell, \star)$ , the United Kingdom's)

enamies."
The gentlemen you name are well known. Their words carry a weight such as cannot be attached to convictions, and I trust to your courtesy to be per United States. I have not suffered for ireland as they have suffered; I have not endured imprisonments of ical offenders, have inflicted indelible stains upon the dignity and honor of the Unitel Kingdom. But I love Ireland as truly and deeply as any of them; thoughts regarding her and what is for her happiness and interest follow me in my business, my studies and my pleasures, are around me whether I live at

home or travel abroad. Although unknown, I am not unqualified to speak. I am a Dublin tradesman, as were my ancestors; my interests are therefore identified with the prosperity and happiness of Ireland. I have had Irish national ist sympathies all my life; I was treasurer of the Home Ruie League for nearly seven years; I am there fore not unqualified to speak regarding Irish politics. I have written a not unimportant book relating to Irish biography: I am therefore not unqualified to speak regarding Irish history. A Protestant, and no admirer of the Catholic system, I love my Catholic fellow countrymen and entirely respect their convictions, and I love Catholics abroad, because they form such an overwhelming proportion of my countrymen t home: I am therefore not entirely out of accord with their feelings and aspirations. I desire to denounce in the most unqualified terms the new departure pro posed for Ireland's acceptance; yet I entirely understand the feelings that sway Mr. Rossa and that of his friends. I dislike the caste system upon which so-ciety in the United Kingdom is largely founded. I would prefer the land tenure of France and Prussia to our own. I abominate the British policy of forcign domination over inferior races (as I do your spoliation of the red man). While I believe that the wrongs inflicted by England on Ireland were mainly the result of circumstances—not of anything inherently wicked in the English people or government—of the death struggle waged between Protestantism and Catholicism over the civilized world for centuries, not that English Protestantism was worse or nigh as bad as Spanish and French Catholicism—I still understand their feelings of hatred toward English! and somewhat similar feelings of as sway not that I can never feel toward the Union Jack as your citizens feel toward the Stars and Stripes, as the French feel toward the Tricolor and the Swiss feel toward the White Cross.

But I cannot shut my eyes to present facts, or see how the new departure—the "want to see something dome that will hurt England! a.c., the United Kingdom, of which I reland is part; therefore that will hurt Ireland before we go," would in any way atons for the past or contribute to Ireland's greatness in the future. I may have thought differently once, but years and study and a pretty severe apprenticeship in the school of Irish politics have convinced me to the contrary.

years and study and a pretty severe apprenticeship in the school of Irish politics have convinced me to the contrary.

There is as real freedom and as perfect justice to be had in these countries as in any other countries upon earth. There is not a wrong, not an inequality (and there are many) existing that may not be righted by honest and persistent constitutional agitation. Nothing holds us back but traditions, many of them mistaken, and personal proclivities and passions that may be subdued. Looking over this country you see her not indeed as she might be, but in a happier state than ever she was in before, having made wonderful progress in wealth and civilization during the past thirty years. I believe that while discontent is an appreciable thread in the lives of masses of our fellow countrymen it is as nothing to the hourly and daily interests that bind them to the state quo. The civil service of the United Kingdom and its vast dependencies is open to all through competitive examinations, and largely do all classes of Irishmen crowdinto it. The army, navy and militia must be popular, as Irishmen form a larger proportion thereof in comparison to their numbers than do the inhabitants of any other portion of the United Kingdom. A large armed police force is here maintained, composed of Irishmen; situations therein are eagerly sought for. Millions of Irishmen live in Great Britain. An Englishman is as popular in freland as is as an Irishman.

As to foreign affairs—the influence the United Kingdom.

man.

As to foreign affairs—the influence the United Kingdom has undoubtedly obtained in India and ensewhere—Ireland as a part of that United Kingdom would have infinitely greater influence for good than if she were independent.

if she were independent.

All that is wanted to confirm Ireland in the way of solid prosperity and happiness is that the emobiling solid prosperity and happiness is that the emobiling solid prow with her—that she should accept responsibilities as well as patronage. Theoretically I would prefer that this should come about through independence. But let us recognize the truth that this cannot be. I do not believe the governing public opinion of Ireland would sanction the change, and the United Kingdom is but following the instinct of every nation that has ever spring into being in objecting even to the mention of dismemberment.

My experience of Irish polities convinces me that the Irish people do not care for any minor rearrangement of the relations between the islands up to the point of making the sacrifices necessary for its accomplishment.

point of making the sacrifices necessary for its accomplishment.

I therefore maintain that a policy such as that sketched out in the new departure, or the home policy of keeping up a simmering discontent as a means to accomplishing political changes of undoubted necessity, will be ruinous and degrading to the country. Let us recognize that we cannot accomplish our ends, and let us stand aside. Let us hold our own opinions, our own theories, intact; but let us rise to the height of loving Ireland so entirely and unselently that we will rest satisfied if we but see her bants.

ches, and set us stand aside. Let us hold our own opinions, our own theories, intact; but let us rise to the height of loving Ireland so entirely, and unseinshly that we will rest satisfied if we but see her happy.

Let our ideal Ireland, for which so many declare themselves ready to give their all—their lives—freely and hoperully pursue her path to happiness, although that path may not be the one we would choose or that to, which thousands have sacrificed themselves. Do not let us basely seek to disturb where we cannot effectually aid; do not let us seek further to drug her mind with offer memories that can only poison her future happiness.

Let Irisamen on your side the Atlantic and others of our countrymen on southern continents enter heartily and honestly into the political life and duties relating to their new homes. Let those of us who remain in Irisand, who cannot heartily throw ourselves into affairs as they are, try to aid in small things if we cannot hope to forward great. Ireland, we nope, will brighten and flourish with the ages. Life has other pressures and other duties besides those fercely political. At the worst, a few years and we and our passions and disappointed hopes will be resting in quies graves.

In any case, what right have we to carry our quarrels out to the disturbance of the politics of other nations? What a horrible idea it is to seek to embroil them in complications and wars on our account! What a role some of us are playing abroad! As yet a traditionary sympathy has been extended toward us. But a few more years of such a policy as that of the new departure offered to our acceptance—a few norsyears of obscrous plaints and Imprecations, in the face of the real state of affairs at home—and the very name of Ireland will become hated among the nations. But freiand will become hated among the nations. But freiand will become here do not the past standonment of long cherished desires and lifelong supirations. But freiand will in the future have, while remembering, reason to curse us if,

Yours, respectfully, ALPRED WEBB.

WHY HE WAS PUT OUT.

A small sized Irishman with a large sized head ldgeted in his seat in the Fifty-seventh Street Couri

fidgeted in his scat in the Fifty-seventh Street Courly yesterday while the case of O'Neil against McCarthy was being heard.

"I'd loike to say a few words," he at last shouted as he rose in the centre of the court room.

"Hash," said one of the court officers.

"Hold your own gab," he replied. "I'm interested in this case, Your Monor," in a very loud tone, "and I'd loike to spake a few words."

The court officer grabbed him by the back of the neck and rudely scated him.

"And why did you do that for?" he saked. The officer disclaimed to answer and turned his back.

"I'd loike—" said the disturber, again rising and addressing the Court.

Before he could say more the self-same officer propelled him out of the room.